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Boston, Sept. 15, 1834.

My dear Coadjutor:

If I write in haste, my excuse must be that I am now a married man; if with less imagination and buoyancy than formerly, — I am a married man; if incoherently and disorderly, — I am a married man! And, remember, a portion of the blame attaches to you. Who broke up the ice of my celibacy, and plunged me into the river of matrimony? You! Who transformed me from a gay lover into a demure husband? You! Who took away my liberty, and put me into bondage with another? You! Who put such a <sup>my neck,</sup> noose around, and tied such a knot, as to defy my industry and skill in emancipating myself? Who but Samuel J. May! Therefore, be this epistle brief or tedious — lively or dolorous — orderly or disorderly — elaborate or careless — you are not to criticize <sup>it</sup> condemningly; and so I write with impunity.

This part introduction shows that I am not in a perturbed state of mind. It is too soon for me to chide you for what you have done. Until the honey-moon wanes and sets, there is a fair prospect that neither Helen nor myself will come down upon you for damages. Perhaps we shall not trouble you after that time — but now verrons. Until I find that I have got a selfish, ill-tempered, and scolding wife, I shall thank you unceasingly for that kind piece of service which you rendered me on Thursday morning, September 4th — and for your good wishes, ardent expressions of affection, and seasonable admonitions, on that very memorable occasion.



My particular object in writing to you at this time is to say, that we (i.e. Helen and myself, for marriage makes us imperial,) are waiting with much solicitude for the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. May, with their dear little children, who have promised (with what sanctity I know not) to make us something more than a flying visit. "Come, for all things are now ready." See to it that they come speedily. If they are Grahamites, we have a fine spring of water in our cellar, and plenty of Graham flows up stairs. If they have an affection for coffee or tea, we have both. If they love retirement, we are in the midst of it. If they have an eye for natural scenery, we will show them as pretty a prospect as one could desire to see. Do they wish to be contiguous to the city, yet not implicated in its follies and fashions? Then they will assuredly come to "Freedom's Cottage."

At the quarterly meeting of our Anti-Slavery Society, on the 29th instant, we shall expect to hear your melodious voice lifted up strongly in behalf of suffering humanity. It is my intention to speak on that occasion; and I think it behooves all who address the meeting to assume a high and manly tone, befitting those who are conscious that theirs is the cause of God - invincible, glorious, and holy - and that the hour is come when we are to determine, whether this is a land of worse than absolute despotism - whether we ourselves are slaves or freemen. - Possibly we may be disturbed in our meeting - but are we to be frightened either by prospective or real clamor and violence? Not if we are patriots or christians.



On the first of October, an anti-slavery convention for the county of Middlesex is to be held at Groton, and I am in some measure pledged to be present. Dr. Farnsworth, one of the most active, reputable, and influential among the inhabitants of Groton, was in my office on Saturday, and said he should write to you immediately, to attend the convention. He is extremely anxious to secure your services, and he besought me to beseech you to this effect. I hope we shall be able to go in company together. The occasion may be styled a great one, and I think it cannot fail of proving an interesting one. Middlesex is one of the first counties in the Commonwealth.

I gave not the slightest heed to the calumnious gossip against old Dr. Windship. As for the young Dr., he is a singularly agreeable and accomplished gentleman, and has won the esteem of us all. On Saturday, all our family, to wit, Mr. and Mrs. Garrison, Miss Eliza, Miss Abigail, and Mr. Knapp, went with the Dr. and his lady, (quite an affable lady,) to see the balloon ascension of Mr. Durand. It was so transcendantly beautiful that I shall not attempt to describe it.

It seems that the ruffians of Canterbury have been again at their dirty work, and Miss Brandall's school is broken up! Well, shame on us, abolitionists, if we do not, on all suitable occasions, make the facts of this case to tingle in the ears of the people!—I do not wonder that you felt so mortified and indignant in addressing the persecuted scholars, and telling them that they had better return home. In your affliction and displeasure deeply shares

Your admiring and grateful friend,  
Wm. Lloyd Garrison.



I would strongly dissuade you from making an appeal to the Canterburyans. Why cast pearls before swine? Why attempt to reason with beasts?

The proceedings of the N. E. A. S. Convention are all printed, and the sheets are now in the hands of the binder.

The pamphlet containing Miss Brundell's trial will be completed in the course of a fortnight - probably.

I have not yet seen the last Unionist, and, consequently, cannot remark upon your Annual Report. I am sure it is a good one.

Rev. Samuel J. May,

Brooklyn,

Oct.

Wm. Larrison  
Sept. 15. 1834

My Dear Mrs. May

I am anticipating the pleasure of welcoming you to our cottage shortly, and hope we shall not be disappointed. I will do all in my power to render your visit agreeable. Eliza sends love to you, and says she will assist in taking care of the children. I am fortunate at present in having an excellent domestic. Mrs. Olcott called to see me a few days since & says she depends on your passing the winter with her. Yours with much affection  
Helen.